

# THE Counter Scuffle.

*Whereunto is added*

## THE Counter Rat.

*Written by R. B.*



LONDON,  
Printed by RICHARD BISHOP. 1851.

THE  
COUNCIL SCHEME.



LONDON.  
Printed by Richardson, Bishop, 1871.



## THE Counter Scuffle.

**L**et that Majestick Pen that writes  
Of brave King *Arthur* and his Knights,  
And of their noble feats and fights  
And those who tell of Mice and Frogges,  
And of the skirmishes of Hogges,  
And of fierce *Bears*, and Maltive Dogges,  
Be silent.

And now let each one listen well,  
While I the famous Battell tell,  
In *Woodstreet Counter* that befell  
In high *Leend*

In which great *Scuffle* only twain,  
Without much hurt, or being slain,  
Immortall honour did obtain

By merit.  
One

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

One was a *Captain* in degree,  
A strong and lusty man was hee,  
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free

Of Spirit.

And though he was no man of force,  
He had a stomack like a Horse,  
And in his rage had no remorse

Or pittie.

Full nimble could he cuffe and clout,  
And was accounted, without doubt,  
One of the prettiest sparks about

The City.

And at his weapon any way  
He could perform a single fray,  
Even from the long pike to the Ray-

lors Bodkin

He reckt not for his flesh a jot,  
He feard nor *Englishman* nor *Scot*,  
For *Man* or *Monster*, car'd he not

A Dodkin,

For fighting was his recreation,  
And like a man in Desperation,  
For *Law*, *Edit*, or *Proclamation*

He car'd not

And



*The Counter Scuffle.*

And in his Anger (cause being given) *Whose*  
To lift his hand / gainst good Sir *Stizen*, *That*  
Or any Justice under Heavens, *Whose*  
He fear'd not.

He durst his enemy withstand, *And*  
Or at *Tingot* or *Calis* labd, *In*  
And bravely there with sword in hand, *And*  
Would greet him.

And noble *Ellis* was his name, *Whole*  
Who 'mongst his foes no purchase fame, *Good*  
Nor cared though the Divell came, *Their*  
To meet him.

And this brave *Goldsmith* was the man, *Two*  
VVho first this worthy brawl began, *Who*  
VVhich after ended in a Can, *Was*  
Of milde Beere.

But had you seen him when he fought, *And*  
How eagerly for blood he sought, *Their*  
There's no man but would have him thought, *Be*  
A wilde Beare.

Imagine now you see a score, *But*  
Of madcap Gentlemen, or more, *Who*  
Boyes that did use to royst and rore, *But*  
And swagger, *Among*  
A 3

*The Counters-Suffler.*

Among the which were three or foure, but  
That call'd themselves by wilsome lore, of  
Whose very Grandfathers scarcely were yet  
A dagger.

A Priest and Lawyer, men well read,  
In wiping spoones and chipping bread,  
And falling to, short grace being said,  
Full roundly:

Whose hungry mawes no Sallets need  
Good appetites therein to breed,  
Their stomacks without sauce could feed  
Profoundly.

'Twas ill that men of Iobes dyet,  
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,  
Were plac'd with Ruffins that to ryet  
were given:

And (O great griefe!) even from their food,  
(Their Stomacks too, being strong & good)  
And that sweet place whereon it stood,  
Be driven.

But here 'tis fitting I repeat,  
What food our dainy Prisoners eat,  
But if in placing of the meat

And Dishes,  
From

*The Counter-Scuffle. A Tragicomedy.*

From curious order I do swerve,  
'Tis that themselves did none observe,  
For which nor flesh they did deserve,  
Nor fishes.

But some (perhaps) will say that Lent  
Affords them not what here is meant,  
So much, so good, and that they went  
without it

'Tis like; but if I adde a Dish,  
Or twain, or three, of Flesh or Fish,  
They either had, or did wish,  
Ne're doubt it.

Then wipe your mouths, while I declare,  
The goodnesse of this Lenten fare,  
Which is in Prison very rare,

I tell ye.  
Furnity as sweet as any Nur,  
As good as ever fill'd a Gut,  
And Butter sweet as ere was put

In belly  
Eggs by the dozen, new and good,  
Which in white Salt uprightly stood,  
And meats which heat and stir the blood  
To action.

*The Supper.*

A.

*The Counter-Suffie.*

As butter'd Crabs, and Lobsters red,  
Which send the married pay'd to bed,  
And in loose bloods have often bred,  
A Faction.

Fish Butter'd to the Platters brim,  
And Parsnips did in Butter swim,  
Strew'd ore with Peppercat and trim,  
Salt Salmon,

Smelts cry'd, come eat me, do not stay,  
Fresh Cod, and Maids, full nearly lay,  
And next to these a lusty Be-  
con Gammon

Struck thick with Cloves upon the back,  
Well stuff'd with Sage, and for the smack,  
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black,  
Sous d'Gurnet,

Pickrell, Sturgeon, Tanch, and Trane,  
Meat farre too good for such a rout,  
To tumble, tosse, and throw a bout,  
And spurn it.

The next a Neats-tongue nearly dry'd,  
Mustard and Sugar by his side,  
Roches butter'd, Flounders fry'd,  
Hot Custard.

Eeles

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

*Eeles* boyld and broild and next they bring  
*Herring*, that is the *Fishes King*,  
And then a Courtly Poll of *Ling*,

And *Mustard*.

But stay, I had almost forgot  
The flesh which still stands piping hot,  
Some from the Spit, some from the Pot

New taken,

A *Shoulder*, and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,  
As good as ever Knife was put on,  
Which never were by a true Glutton

Forfaken.

A *Loyne* of *Veale*, that would have dar'd  
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*,  
And they sometimes will feed full hard,

Like tall men,

And such as loved the *Lassie* *Chinese*,  
But when that I shall sup or dine,  
God grant they be no *Guests* of mine,

Of all men.

Thus the Description are compleat,  
Which I have made of men and meat,  
Mars ayde me now, while I repeat

The Battle.

Where



*The Counter-Song.*

VVhere Petre and Stoolcs were us'd as Guns;  
To break each others Heads; and Shins;  
Where blowes did make bones in their skin

*And thus was*

To rattle.

VVhere men to madnesse never ceas'd;  
Till each (furious, as a Beast) did  
Had spoyle the fashion of a Beast,

*New taken*

Full daintie.

VVhereon, had they not been about;  
They might have fed, till bellies burst;  
But *Ellis* shew'd himselfe the worst.

*For taken*

Of twentie.

For hee began this monstrous brall,  
VVhich afterward incens'd them all,  
To throw the meat about the Hall,

*men like men*

That Even.

And now give eare unto the larre,  
That fell between these men of VVarre,  
VVherein so many a harmlesse karre

*all men*

VVas given.

The boord thus furnisht, each man sat;  
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,  
Mong whom a jarring question straight

*The Battle*

VVas risen.

*W*

For



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

For they grew hotly in dispute,  
What Calling was of most repute;  
T'was well their wits were so acute

*In Prison*

While they discours'd the Parson blythe  
Fed, as he meant to have the Tythe  
Of every Dish, being sharp (as Sythe)

*In feeding.*

But haste had almost made him choke,  
Or else, perhaps, he would have spoke  
In praise of his long-thread-bare Cloke

*And breeding*

But after a deliberate pause,  
The Lawyer spoke as hee had cause  
In commendation of the Law

*Profession.*

The Law (quoth hee) by a just doome,  
Doth censure all that to it come,  
And still defende the Innocent from

*Oppression.*

It favours Truth; it curbes the hope  
Of Vice; it gives Allegiance scope  
Provides a Gallows and a Rope

*For Treason*

*This*

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

This doth the Law, and this is it  
Which makes us here in prison sit,  
Which grounded is on holy writ

In Prison And Reason,  
To which all men must subject be,

As we by daily proof doe see,  
From highest to the low'st degree,

The Scholler,  
Noble, and Rich: It doth subdue

The Souldier, and his swaggering crew,  
But at that word the Captain grew,

In choller.  
He lookt full grim, and at first word,

*The Souldier.* Rapt out an Oath, that shook the board  
And struck his fist, that the loud roare d

Like thunder  
It made all skip, that stood him neere,  
The frighted Cuslard quak'd for feare,  
And those that heard it, stricken were

With wonder.  
Nought did he now but frowne, and puffe,  
And having star'd and swore enough,  
Thus he began in language rough:

Thou cogging,  
Base

*The Counter-Scaffold.*

Base foyfiting *Lawyer*, that dost set  
Thy mind on nothing, but to get  
Thy living by thy damned pow  
rifogging

A Slave, that shall for halfe a Crowne  
With Buckram bag, and daggled Gowne,  
VVaite like my dogge about the Towne,  
And follow

A businesse of the Devils part,  
For fees, though not with Law nor Art:  
But head as empiric as thy heart  
Is hollow;

You stay at home and pocket Fees,  
VWhile we abroad our blouds doe lose,  
And then, with such base termes as these  
You wrong us.

But *Lawyer*, it is safer farre  
For thee to prattle at a Barre,  
Then once to shew thy face  
Among us.

Where to defend such thanklesse Hinds  
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,  
But is expos'd to stormie winds  
And weathers,  
And

*The Countersong*

And oft in blood he wades full deep,  
Your throats from forth his swords to keep,  
And wakes when you securely sleep,  
In feathers.

What could your Lawes or Statutes doe  
Against Invasions of the Foie,  
Did not the valiant Souldier goe  
To quell'em?

And to prevent your further haimes,  
With Ensigne, Fife, and loud Alarimes,  
Of warlike Drum, by force of Armes,  
Repell'em?

Your Treasures will not stand  
For setting foote upon your Land,  
When they in scorn of your Command  
Come hither?

No remedy in Courts or Pales,  
In Common Place, or in the Fildes,  
For jostling of your ieldsmen  
Together.

Verrie for the slow Souldier,  
Where would' it thou fof to get a foie,  
But to defend such things as these,  
'Tis pitie.  
For

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

For such as thou esteeme not least,  
Who ever haue beene ready prest,  
To guard you; and the *backward* best,

Your *Citie*.

That very word made *Ellis* stampt.

And all his blood ston'd to his heart.

He *hooked*, and quaked in every part.

With anger.

He lookt, as if doubt might assuage him.

The heat of his inflamed rage.

His very countenance did presage

Some danger.

A *Cuckoo* was heard quoth he, and so

He humm'd, and held his head full low,

As if distracted thoughts did o-

verpresse him.

At length, quoth he, my Mother said,

At *Bristol* thee was brought a bed,

And there was *Ellis* borne and bred,

(God blesse him.)

Of *London* Citie I am free,

And there I first my *Wife* did see,

And for that very cause, quoth he,

I love it.

And.



*The Counter-Song.*

And he that calls for Cooks, doth need  
Except hee have his best of bread  
He is a Villain and a beast  
He prove it.

This Ile maintaine; nor doe I care;  
Though Captaine, Foreign Stamp and State,  
And swagger, I swear, and reare his haire

In furie,  
And with the hazard of my bloud;  
Ile fight up to the knees in mud;  
But I will make my quarrell good

Assure yee.  
For though I am a man of Trade,  
And free of London Citie made,  
Yet can I use Gun, Bill, and Blade

In battle.  
And Citizens, if need require,  
Themselves can force the Foe retire  
What evert this Low-Country Squire

Doe prattle.  
For wee have Souldiers of our owne  
Able enough to guard the Towne,  
And Captaines of most faire renowe

About it,  
I love it,  
If



*The Counter-Scuffle*

If any Foe should fight amain  
And set on us with all his Train,  
Wee'll make him to retire again,

Nere doubt it.

We have fought well in dangers past,  
And will do while our lives do last,  
VVithout the help of any cast

Commanders

That hither come, compel'd by want,  
VVith rusty Swords, and Suits Provant,  
From *Fritch*, *Numigen*, or *Gant*,

In *Flanders*.

The Captain could no longer hold,  
But looking fiercely, plainly told  
The Citizen, he was to bold,

and call'd him

Proud Boy, and for his sawcy speech,  
Did shortly vow to whip his breech:  
Then *Ellis* snacht the pot, with which

he mall'd him.

Hethrew the jugge, and therewithall,

Hegave the Captain such a mall,

As made him thump against the wall

his Crupper.

With

*The Counter-Souffle.*

With that the *Captain* took a Dish  
That stood brim-full of butterd fish,  
As good as any heart could wish  
To supper.

And as he threw his foot did slide,  
Which turn'd his arme and dish aside,  
And all be-Butter-fishide  
*Nic Ballat.*

And he, good man, did none diseafe,  
But sitting quiet and at ease,  
With butterd *Rachors* sought to please  
His pallat.

But when he felt the wrong he had,  
He rag'd, and swore, and grew stark mad,  
Some in the room been better had  
without him;

For he took hold of any thing  
And first he caught the poll of *Ling*,  
Which he courageously did fling  
about him.

Out of his hand it flew apace,  
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,  
Who at the Board in highest place  
was seated.

And

*The Counter-Sraffe.*

And as the *Lawyer* thought to rise,  
The Salt was thrown into his eyes,  
Which him of fight in wofull wise  
Defeated.

All things neer hand, *Nic Ballat* threw  
At length his butterd *Rochets* flew  
And hit by chance, among the crew,  
The Parson.

The Sauce his coat did all be-wet,  
The *Priest* began to fume and fret,  
The Seat was butterd which he set  
His—on.

He knew not what to do or say,  
It was in vain to Preach or pray,  
Or cry you are all gone astroy,  
Good people.

He might as well go strive to teach  
Divinity beyond his reach  
Or when the Bels ring out, go preach  
I'th Steeple.

At this mischance the silly man,  
Out of the room would faine have ran,  
And very angrily began  
To mutter.

*The Counter Scuffle.*

Ill luck had he, for after that  
One threw the *Par/sneps* full of fat  
Which stuck like Brooches in his Hat,  
with Butter.

Out of the place he soon repaires  
And ran halfe headlong down the Staires,  
And made complaint to Master *Ayes*  
with crying.

Vp ran hee to know the matter,  
And found how they the things did scatter,  
Here a Trencher, there a platter  
were lying.

I dare not say he stunk for wo,  
Nor will, unlesse I did it know,  
But some there be that dare say so,  
that smelt him.

Nor could ye blame him, if he did,  
For they threw dishes at his head,  
And did with Egges and Loaves of Bread,  
bepelt him

He thrust himselfe into the throng,  
And u'sd the vertue of his tongue,  
But what could one mans word among  
so many?

The

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

The Candles all were shuffed out,  
The Victuals flew afresh about;  
Was never such a Combat fought  
by any.

Now in the dark was all the coyle,  
Some were bloody in the broyle,  
And some lay steep in *Sallet-Oyle*  
and *Mustard*,

The sight would make a man afeard;  
Another had a butterd Beard,  
Anothers face was all besmeard  
with *Custard*.

Others were dawb'd up to the knee  
VVith buttered *Fish* and *Furmittee*;  
And some the men could scarcely see  
that beat'em.

Under the Board *Lluellin* lay,  
Being sore frighted with the fray  
And as the weapons flew that way,  
he eat'em. *Wil. Lluellin a prisoner there, sometimes the Keeper.*

The bread stuck in the windowes all,  
Like bullets in a *Castle* wall,  
VVhich furious Foes do seek to scal  
In battle.  
Shoulders



*The Counter-Scauffle.*

Shoulders of *Mutton*, and *Loynes of Veale*,  
Appointed for to serve the Meale,  
About their ears full many a Peale

Did rattle.

*One of  
the under  
Keepers.*

The which when *Oven Blany* spide,  
Oh, take away their Armes he cryde,  
Lest some great hurt do them betide,

Prevent it,

And then the Knaves away did steale,  
Of food that sell, no little deale,  
And in his house at many a meale

He spent it,

The *Captain* ran the rest among,  
As eager to revenge the wrong  
Done by the *Por* which *Ellis* flung

So stoutly.

And angry *Ellis* fought about,  
To finde the furious *Captain* out,  
At length they met, and then they fought

Devoutly.

Now being met, they never lin,  
Till with their lowd robustious din,  
The room and all that was therein

Did rumble.

Instead



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

Instead of Weapons made of Steele,  
The Captain took a salted Eele,  
And at each blow made *Ellis* reele,  
and tumble.

*Ellis* a Pippin pie had got,  
A sorer weapon than the pot:  
For lo, the apples being hot,  
did scald him.

The Captain layd about him still,  
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,  
And with his *Eele* with a good will,  
he mall'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art  
A fellow of a couragious heart,  
Yield now, and I will take thy part  
hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I scorn to heare  
Thy words of threats, being free from feare,  
With which he hardly could forbear  
from laughter

Together then afresh they flie,  
The *Eele* against the *Pippin Pie*:  
But *Blany* stood there purposely  
to watch 'em.  
The

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

The weapons wherewithall they fought,  
VVerethose, for which he chiefly fought,  
And with an eager stomach thought

to catch'em

But scap't not now so well away,

As at the *Veale* and *Mutton* fray:

He thought to have with such a prey

his jawes fed.

But all his hope did turne aside,

He lookt for that which luck deny'd;

For *Evill* all be-pippin pyde

his Calves head

VVo was the case he now was in,

The Apples he, did leald the skin,

His Skull, as it had rotten bin,

did coddle.

VVith that one foole among the rout,

Made out-cry all the house about,

That *Blany*'s braines were beaten out

his noddle

*A Turn-* VVhich *Lockwood* hearing needs would see

*key a fat* VVhat all this coyl and stirre might bee,

*fellow.*

And up the staires his Guts and hee

VVent wadling.

But

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

But when he came the Chamber neare,  
Behinde the doore he stood to heare,  
But in he durst not come for feare

Of swadling:  
There stood he in a frightfull case,  
And as by chance he stir'd his face,  
Full in the mouth a Butter'd Playce

Did hit him.  
A way he sneakt, and with his tongue,  
He lick't and swallow'd up the wrong,  
And as he went the roome along,

Be—him.  
For help now, doth poore *Lorkwood* crye,  
O bring a Surgeon, or I die,  
My guts out of my belly flie;

Come quickly.  
*Blany* with open mouth likewise,  
For present help of Surgeon cryes,  
Pittie a man, quoth he, that lyes

So sickly.  
*Phillips*, the skilfull Surgeon then,  
Was cal'd, and cal'd, and cal'd agen,  
If he had skill to cure those men,

To shew it.  
At

*The Counter-Suffie.*

At length he comes, and first he puts  
His hands, to feele for *Lockwoods* guts,  
Which came not forth so sweet as *Nurs*,

All know it.

He cries for water: In the meane  
One calls up *Madge* the *Kitchin* queane,  
To take and make the Baby cleane

And clout it.

Fast by the Nose shee tooke the Squall,  
And led him softly through the Hall,  
Lest the perfume through knees should fall.

About it.

Shee turn'd his Hose beneath the kneec,  
Nor could shee chuse but laugh to see  
That yellow, which was wont to bee

A white breech.

Shee tooke a Dish-clout off the Shelfe,  
And with it wipt the durtie Else,  
Which had not wit to help it selfe

Poore—breech.

Thus leaving *Lockwood* all be-raid,  
Vnto the marcie of the Maid,  
Who well deserved to be payd

For taking  
Such

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

Such homely paines : Now let us cast  
Our thoughts back on the stirre that's past,  
And them whose bones could not in hast

Leave aking.

And like the Candles, shall my Pen  
Shew you these Gallants once agen,  
Which now like *Furies*, not like men,

Appeared.

Fresh lights being brought t'appease the brall  
Shew twenty mad men in the Hall,  
With Bloud and Sauce their faces all

Besmear'd.

Their Cloathes rent and sow's'd in drink,  
*Oyle*, *Mustard*, *Butter*, and the stink,  
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one think

In sadnesse

That these so monstrous creatures dwell,  
Either in *Bedlam*, or in Hell,  
Or that no tongue, or pen can tell

Their madnesse.

They were indeed dis-figured so,  
Friend knew not friend nor foe-man foe,  
And each man scarce himselfe did know :

But after

A fran-



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

A frantick staring round about,  
They suddenly did quit their doubt,  
And loudly all at once brake out

In laſter.

The heat of all is now alaid;  
The Keepers gently do perſwade;  
And (as before) all friends are made,

Full kindly.

*Ellis*, the *Captain* doth imbrace,  
The *Captain* doth return the grace,  
And ſo do all men in the place,

As friendly.

By *Iove* I love thee, *Ellis* cry'd;  
The *Captain* ſoon as much reply'd,  
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd,

And *Vulcan*.

With *Mars* at odds again ſhall be,  
E're any jarres twixt thee and me:  
And thereupon I drink to thee

A full Can.

And then he kneeld upon the ground,  
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round  
For ever ſhall be held renownd:

And never.

May



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

May any quarrell twixt us twain  
Arise, or this renew again  
But may we loving friends remain

For ever

Amen, cryd *Captain*, so did all,  
And so the health went through the Hall,  
And thus the Noble *Counter-brall*

Was ended.

But hunger now did vex' em more,  
Then all their anger did before.  
They searcht i'th roome how far their store

Extended,

They want the meat which *Blany* stole,  
On finds a *Herring* in a hole,  
With durt and dust black as a coale,

And trodden

All under feet. The text is lost  
Snaps up, and feeds on what was lost,  
And looks not whether it be rost

Or sodden?

A third finds in another place  
A piece of *Ling* in durtie case,  
And *Mustard* in his fellowes face.

Another  
Espies.

*The Counter-Scauffle.*

Elpies, that finds a loafe of bread,  
A dish of butter all bespread,  
And stuck upon anothers head

I' th poother  
Thus what they found contented some:  
At length the Keeper brings a Broome,  
Meaning therewith to cleanse the roome,

With sweeping,  
But under Table, on the ground  
Looking to sweepe, by chance he found  
Luellin, faining to be found

ly sleeping,  
He pull'd him out so swift by the heeles,  
As if his arse had ran on wheelles,  
And found his pocket stuf with Eeles:

His Cod-piece  
Did plenty of provition bring,  
Somewhat it held of every thing,  
Smelts, Flounders, Reibets, and of Ling

A broad piece  
At this discovery each man round,  
Took equal share of what was found,  
Which afterwards they freely drown'd

In good drink.  
For

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

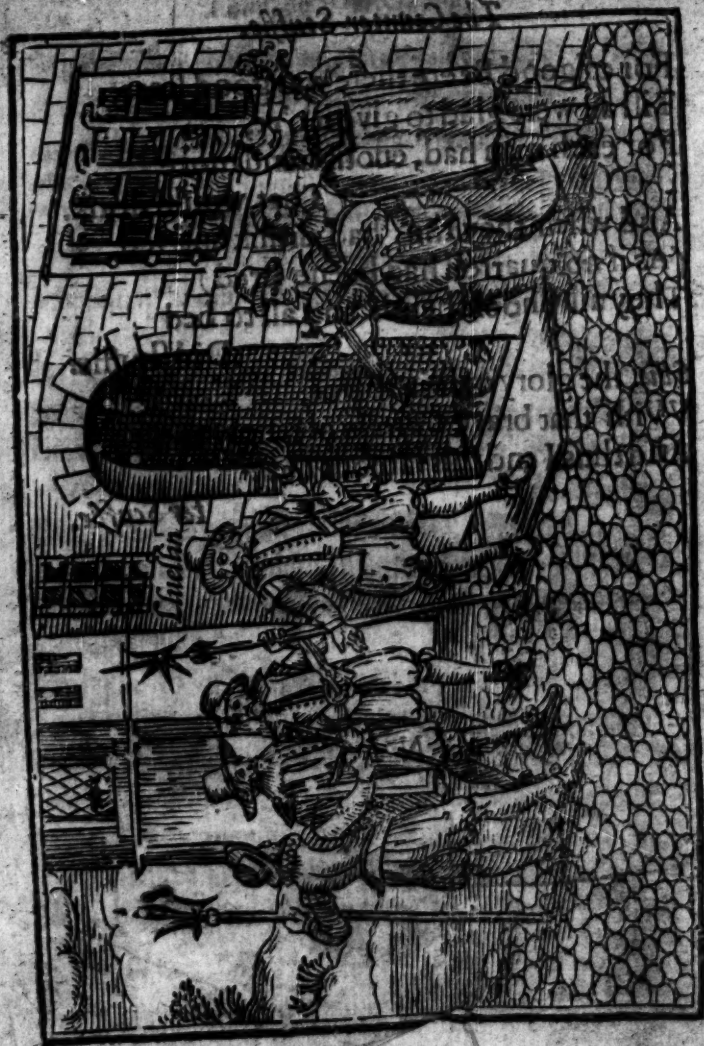
For of good Beere there was good store,  
Till all were glad to give it o're,  
For each man had, enough and more  
That would drink.

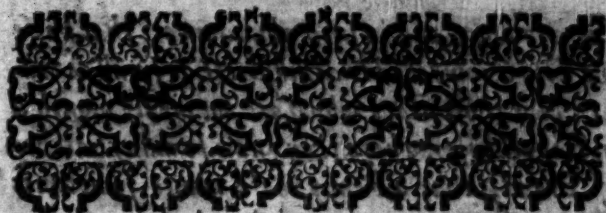
And when they thus had drunk and fed,  
(As if no quarrell had beene bred)  
They all shooke hands and all to bed  
Did shuffle;

Thus, the glory of this towne,  
VVith that brave Captain of renowne:  
And thus I end this famous Counter-  
Scuffle.

FINIS.







To the Reader



His Bacchanalian Night-prize of  
the Counter-Scuffle, being thus  
finished, hath ever since frighted  
both Prisoners and Taylors from  
comming into any room, for feare  
of a second uproare. So that the Counter, for  
want of sweet garnishing, and cleanly looking to,  
is growne so nasty, that no man (by his good will)  
will thrust his nose in at any of the grates: Nay,  
will rather goe a mile about, than come neare it.  
Though to keep it sweet, a great deale of Mace is  
stuck upon every Sergeant, as if he were a Capon  
in white broth.

Upon this slovenlinesse, it is wofully haunted  
with Rats, not such Rats as runne up and downe  
in Brew-houses, sucking the new wort of strong

E

Beere



To the Reader,

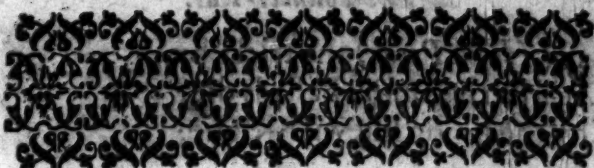
Beere so long, and in such abundance, that balse the City is compelled to drink Beere as small as water; Nor those Rats which are not mealy mouth'd in Bake-houses, where they gnaw so many batches of Bread, that a Penny loafe wants sometimes three or foure ounces in waight. And then the honest Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently set in the Pillory,

Neither are they those Rats, which greaze their throats in Tallow-Chandlers shops, where they nibble so much upon Candles, that not one pound in an hundred is ever full waight.

No, these are no Rats with foure legs, but only two; and though they have nests in a thousand places of London, yet for the most part they run but into two Rot-traps, that is to say, The Counters of Wood-street and the Poultry, and for that cause are called Counter-Rats.

How caught, how mouz'd, and what they are,  
This picture lively doth declare.

THE



## THE Counter Rat.

**O**F Knights and Squires of low degree,  
Of Roaring Boyes, that stick and snee,  
Of Battoon Dam-meers, that cry Bree,  
I sing now,

At men and women, (Bawds and whores)  
At Pimps and Panders that keep doores,\*  
At all that out-face Vintners scores,

*\* I mean  
no Play-  
doores.*

I sing now.

*Those  
are too  
honest.*

What sing I? Nothing, but light rimes,  
(Not tun'd as are St Pulchers chimes)  
No steeples heigh my Muse now climbs,  
But flyeth.

Close to the ground as Swallowes do,  
When rainy weather must ensue,  
She flies, and sings, and if not true,  
She lyeth.

Lay

*The Counter-Rat.*

\* *The  
Kings  
Juggler.*

Lay (*Hocus Pocus*) thy tricks by,  
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads die,  
Thy cheaming likewise I defie;

*O Fenner,*

Let *Hogsdon-Scrapers* on their Base  
Sound *Fum-fum-fum* from totterd case,  
Nor *Meane*, nor *Treble*, now take place,

But *Tennor*;

A *Counter-Tennor* is that note,  
Too easie, 'tis nere sung by rote,  
But got with wetting well your throat

With *Claret*,

Or stout *March-beere*, or *Windsor Ale*,  
Or *Labour* in vaine, (so seldome stale,)  
Or *Pymlico*, whose too great sale

Did marre it;

He that me reads, shall fall out flat  
With *Homers Frog*, and *Virgils Gnat*,  
And *Ovids Flea*, which so neare sat

The *Moone* shine,

For I of stranger wonders write,  
Of a wilde *Vermingot* each night,  
Mad *Buls* 7th dark, but guls in sight

Of *Sun-shine*.

My

*The Counter-Rat.*

My Metamorphosis is rare,  
For Men to Rats transformed are,  
And then, those Rats are Prisoners fare,

O pitty!  
But tis good sport to see them dress,  
To garnish out a Mornings Feast,  
Each bit being salted with a jest

Scarce witty:  
These are not Rats that nibble cheese,  
Or challenge mouldy crusts for fees,  
And rather will their long taylor's lese

Than Bacon:  
No, these are they, whose guts being cut in d,  
(As Canons hard with powder ram'd)  
And Bag-pipe checker with wines inflam'd,  
Are taken

By Constables and Bill-men che,  
Who speak not Latine, French, nor Greek,  
But are Night-Sconces out to seek

Night-sneakers,  
Who late in Taverns up do sit,  
Whiffing smoke, Money, Time and wit,  
Pouring in Bowles, till out they spit  
Full Beakers.

These

*The Counter-Rat.*

These (then) being to the Counter led,  
Each Prisoner shakes his shaggie head,  
And leaning halfe out of his bed,

Fals,—And cries out, A Rat! A Rat,  
Oh! roares another, Is he far?  
If not,—Fley off his cloak or bar,

Till Morn they lye,—The poore Rat gets  
Into some hole,—Besides his wits,  
To heare such caterwauling fits,

But day being rise,—All up do rise,  
And call for Beere to cleare his eyes,  
A Garnish then the whole Roome cries,

Aske any how such newes I tell,  
Of Wood-streets hole or Poultries hell,  
Know, I did' mongst those Gypsies dwell,

I mean the Turn-keys, and those Knaves,  
Who rack, for fees, men worse then slaves,  
I saw brought in with bills and glaves,

Some dozen there.  
For



*The Counter-Rat.*

For I one night by Rug-gownes caught,  
Was for a Rat to th' Counter brought,  
What there my deere experience bought,  
He sell yee

Cheaper, than I could have it there,  
For they for Tokens throats will teare,  
But such as 'tis, fill with the Cheere

Your belly.

Prick up your eares,—for I begin  
To tell, what Rats, my night came in,  
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Ginne,

But mildly,  
Being call'd before the Bench of wits  
Who sit out midnights Bedlam fits,  
But some being rid, like jades with Bits,

Ran wildly.

First, about twelve, the Counter gates  
Thunderd with thumpings, Dore & grates  
Reel'd at the peale,—when our prison-mates

Vp starting,

Saw in the yard a frantick Swarm,  
Crying, O my head, neck, sides, leg, arme,  
Sore had the fight been, but small harme

At parting,

It

*The Counter-Raid*

It was a watch, swearing we bleed,  
But 'twas their noses dropt indeed;  
Masters (quoth they) we charge y<sup>e</sup> take heed  
Of him there

*A Rearing Rap*

**T**hat Royster, us to our trumps has put,  
And run our Beadle through a gut,  
His Bilbo has from each man cut

A limb here,  
They gone, up comes the Bredah-Bouncer,  
His tusks stiffe-starcht like a brave Mounser,  
Of Turnbull-Punches a staring Trounceer,

Some knew him;  
Why here (quoth he) why? zounds because  
I tugg'd with Bears, and par'd their pawes,  
But sure I mall d Mr Constables jawes,

O slew him;  
All's one, — sayd one, Please you to bed Sir:  
He (swearing) roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,  
I scorn to rock my Harnesse-Head Sir,

In feathers;  
Give

*The Counter-Rat.*

Give me a Brick, Sir for my bolster,  
An Armourer still is my Vpholster,  
In frost, snow, muck-hills I can roll Sir,

Hang weathers.  
Rogue, fetch me a sweet truss of straw,  
To fire thy layle.—Pox a this Law,  
That coopes a Souldier like Jack Daw,

I'ft treason?  
Rascal! more Claret, There's none here Sir,  
Why then (you mangy Cur) some Beer Sir,  
There's not a Tapster dares come near Sir:

Thy reason?  
Because you thwack out such huge words Sir,  
His wezand fears them worse than swords Sir,  
Mum then,—Ile take a nap o'th boards Sir.

He sleeps there.

---

*A Crosse legg'd Rat.*

A Puritan Taylorthen came in,  
Who (to take measure) out had bin,  
And (Maudlin-drunk) to rince his sin,

He weeps there.

Weeps

*The Counter-Rat.*

Weepes to be call'd a Rat, being known  
A man at least,—so down being thrown,  
On a hard Bench, thus did he groan

In sorrow;  
Brethren where am I? One reply'd,  
In *Wood-streets Counter*—O my pride!  
Thou art tane down, and I must hide

Too morrow.  
A head that was not hid before,  
Wo wroth him makes *Manasses* roare,  
But die I may not in his score,

Belceve me,  
For consolation I spy  
Th'row my sweet Spanish needles eye,  
The Sisters will (if here I lie)

Relieve me,  
Sisters i'th' Counter! oh no: here  
Only the wicked ones appeare,  
VVash then thy shame in brinish teares,

Confessing  
Th'art rightly punisht for thy Yard,  
And for thy Goose that graz'd too hard,  
And for some stuffles which thou hast marr'd  
With pressing.  
VVe

*The Counter-Rat.*

VVe ask'd him why he was brought in,  
Black threads of vice (quoth he) I spin,  
And then agen did thus begin,

Condoling,  
All are not Friars, I see, weare Cowles,  
Nor all in minc'd ruffes, milk-white soules,  
I should have talk'd thus when the bowles

VVere trolling:

But then, to steal I held no harm,  
Lappets of drink to keep me warm,  
But linings wet, hurt, though they arm,

Indeed-la  
O would my sheeres might cut my thread,  
VVhy is this crosse-legg'd mischiefe bred?  
Mending my want from heele to head

VVith speed-la  
Sorrow has made me dry—No matter,  
Out of mine eyes will I drink water,  
No other Ram my braines shall batter,

To kill me,  
Roofe, touch no more wines, French or Spa-  
All drinks Papistical I banish, {nith,  
Out of my lips this phrase shall vanish,

Boy,—Fill me,  
One



*The Counter Rat.*

One bid him call for Beer, — he sed,  
Oh ! No more Beer. — But reach me bread,  
By that Ile swear — Would I were dead,  
And rotten.  
When I agen swill ought but whay,  
Yet lest (being cold) my zeal decay,  
Hot waters shall not be one day  
Forgotten.

---

*An old gray Rat.*

**T**His done, he nods, and quickly snores ;  
And then afresh wind flie the doores,  
An Vsurer hedg'd in with mad Whores,  
Came wallowing,  
As does a great ship on the Seas,  
Set on by Gallies, — for, all these  
Vvere Fish-wives, who had wine at ease  
Been swallowing,  
And blown him up with penny-pots  
Of Sack, which fall to him by lots,  
Payd him at weeks end by th'old Trots,  
For shillings  
Each

*The Counter-Ras.*

Each Monday lent them, — To buy skate  
Crabs, Plaice, and Sprats at *Billingsgate*  
Thus, then they met, and hold thus late  
Their drillings,

He rests in peace, -- but is not dead,  
Yet is wormes meat in lowzie bed,  
And lies like one wrapt up in led,

None stirr'd him,  
But all his Oyfter-mouthes gap'd wide,  
(Wine in their guts was at full Tide)  
The Devil did so their Rumps bestride,

And spurr'd them:  
They flung & winc'd, & kick'd down staires  
Themselves, and stamp't like Flanders Mares,  
Hell is broke loose -- No Keeper dares

Approach them;  
For, at that Dogge (besawc'd in Sack)  
They grind their teeth, and curse him black,  
Crying out, 'Tis thee does break their back,

And broach them  
So fast, that all their gaines boyle out,  
Deep-red to dye his pockie snout,  
But, that which flung these brands about

So hotly,  
'Gan

*The Counter-Rat.*

'Gan now to quench them, sleep does sound  
Retreat, dead-drunk they all lie drown'd  
In cast-up wine,—and on the ground  
The shot lie,

---

*A Black Rat.*

**S**carce was this hellish dinne allayd,  
But drencht in mire, with drink berayd,  
(New curried) was brought in a jade  
All mettle,  
An Estridge that iron barres could eat,  
And strong-beere out of Sea-coales beat,  
His fifty-cuffes did the Watch fret  
And nettle;  
This second Smug, who had the staggers,  
This Vulcanist, whose nayles were daggers,  
This Smith so arm'd in Ale, he swaggers  
At Inoring,  
Though lockt up, yet set up his trade,  
Bolts, Hinges, Barres, and Grates he made  
Fly,—which being heard, the Jaylor payd  
His roaring.  
They



*The Counter-Rat.*

As the strand May-pole,—he did go,  
In ruffe,—His thumb th'row ring did show  
A Gentleman seal'd,—for he was no

Hog-grubber :

It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,  
Whose back wore freez, but bum no scarlet;  
And was tane napping with his Harlot,

At noddy

But being hal'd in, his haire he rent;  
And swore they all should deare repent  
Their basenesse,—for no ill he meant

To her body :

The Prisoners, ask't then what she was,  
(Quoth he) My Client One well to passe,  
Though here they impound me like an Ass,

Ile ferk them.

Ile make the Beadle pluck in's horn,  
He flirtd at my nose in scorn,  
The Watch shall stink, the Constable mourn,

Ile jerk them,

Hang them (if need be) for they broke  
Her house,—That's Burglary,—The clock  
Scarce counting two,—Then they struck

Ath' mazzard.

An



*The Counter-Rat.*

An action of strong Battry ! Good !  
They made my nose then gush bloud,  
(One more!)—And that I mist the mud

VVas hazzard.

Here's Law in lumps :—Must, when to triall  
My Client comes I have deniall  
For ingresse to her, by Scabs ? A Ryall

I enter  
At Midnight,—a plain Case,—*esse Ployden*  
The Case is akred :—shall each *Hoyden*  
Barre Law her course ! Dare rusticke *Royden*  
So venture ?

A farthing-candle burning by,  
By chance his railing rage did die,  
Yet to his Brest, Revenge did crie :

So churning  
His brains for Law-tricks how to sting them,  
And up to all the Barres to bring them,  
He fate, hard-twisting cords to wring them,  
Till morning.

No more of this light skiping Verse,  
A dreerie tale I now rebearse.

G

Long

**L**ong this browne study did not last,  
But in, at Counter-gates, as fast  
Throng'd in the VVarch agen, A noise  
Of scraping men and squeaking boyes,  
Straight fill'd the house. The Two-penny  
Leap'd up, and fell a dancing hard: (Ward  
Out at the Hole, all thrust their heads,  
The Knights VVard left their seven groat  
The Masters side hearing the din (beds  
Swore, that the Devil was sure brought in,  
But when they heard they Fiddlers were,  
Some curs'd the noyse, some lent an eare;  
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed,  
Being then for want of drink halfe dead.

Lock'd were the Fiddlers in a Roome,  
All cry'd. Strick up, Play Rogues, Fum-fum,  
The Minikin tickled, roare did the Base,  
Then bawdy songs, all sleepe must chase,  
The men playd heavily, boyes did whine,  
Not seeing meat, money, beere, nor wine,  
Vp such a laugh the Prisoners tooke,  
That the Beds danc'd, and chambers shooke,  
Nay, the strange Hubbub did so please,  
At Prison bace ran both Lice and Fleas.

The

*John*  
*John*  
*John*  
*John*

The Rozzen rubd off, and Cats guts wearie,  
VVe ask'd, how they who made men merrie  
Grew sad themselves, And why (like sprits)  
Fidlers being strung to walke a nights,  
VWere they lock'd up? -- One then, i'th eye  
Putting his finger, told us why.  
Quoth he, Being met by a mad Crew,  
In these poore cales, -- up they drew  
Our Fiddles, and like Tinkers swore  
VVe should play them to the Blue Bore,  
Kept by mad *Ralph* at Islington,  
VWhose Hum and Mum, being powr'd upon  
Our guts, -- so burnt' em, we desir'd  
To part, -- being out o'th house eene fir'd  
As our hands play'd our Heads were plied,  
And, tho, the night was cold, we fried,  
For such hot waters sod our braine,  
Like Dawes in *June*, we gap'd for raine,  
Strong were our Coxcombes, our legs weak,  
We, nor our Fiddles had wit to speak,  
The company then being fast asleepe,  
And we paid soundly, out did creep  
Into the high-way. -- O sweet Moone!  
We, but for thee, had been undone:

*The Enter Ras.*

Yet, though thy torch to us was lighted,  
We all might well have beene indited,  
For breaking into others ground,  
Threes in one ditch being almost drown'd  
Yet out we scrambled, and a long (throng,  
The Play house came,—where seeing no  
We swore 'twas sure some scurvie play,  
That all the people so sneak'd away,  
And so the Players descended wcre  
To th' Starres, Nags-head, or *Christopher*.

To all those tavernes (we cry'd) Let' goe,  
At which one fell, and then swore—No,

The Barre in Smith-field well we past,  
For all the Watch had runne in hast,  
Arm'd with chalk'd Bills, wak'd by a cry  
Of Whore-drops tane by th' enemy.  
From Cow-Crosse stood those stoues not far,  
In which were entred men of warre,  
(Low-Country Souldiers late came o're)  
Each one going in to presse a VVhore,

Leaving them pressing, on we trot  
Through the Horse-faire, till wee had got  
Into the middle of Long Lane,  
VVhere up the Devil doe Brokers traine,

There

*The Counter-Rat.*

There down we fell, and then fell out,  
Our leathern Cases flew about,  
We fenc'd, and toyn'd, and fought so long,  
That all our Fiddles lay halfe unstrung,  
Their backs were broke, and we oth' ground,  
Swounning for grieve they did not sound;  
Our noyse brought up from Aldersgate  
The rugged Watch, who before fate  
Nodding at the old Mermaids dore,  
Who with a guard of halfe a score  
Seiz'd us, and cry'd, at going away,  
Sad *Lachrimæ* you there shall play.

This told, the Prisoners laugh't out-right,  
And though the whole VVard had no light,  
Yet from their beds all skip and crie,  
Scraper, Strike up, we the VVatch defie.

The moone so bold was to looke in,  
And saw some onely in their skin,  
(Naked as Cuckowes when *Luna's* past)  
Some had long shirts down to their waste,  
Some wanted back-parts, some an arme,  
None wore a shirt could keepe him warme,  
A French Boy, that sweepes chimnies, wears  
His patch'd up Frocke as white as theirs:

Some



*The Common-Rat.*

Some on their heads no night-caps wore, nor T  
Some lapp'd their browes in hols all tore, nor O  
They hobble about, they friske, they sing, nor W  
So long, that crak'd was every string, nor T  
By their rude horse-play altogether, nor T  
Flinging their legs they can'd nor whither, nor W  
Such horrid noise, such stinking smell, nor O  
Cannot be heard nor felt in bell, nor W  
Yet o're they gave nor, till the Sunne gibb'd, nor M  
Arose, then all as bed did sunne, nor W

*Good Morrow.*

**T**He Rats into the Trap that fell, nor T  
This night, were few, nor The Constable  
Belike did wink, and would nor see, nor Y  
For, when the winds sile, his watch and he, nor W  
Toss'd all that venture on their way, nor T  
The rocks being brown-bills, clubs, & staves,  
On which they split them, These and they  
When morning comes, are fetch'd away, nor W  
Those Rats o're night, whose shapers did looke,  
Being soequestr'd men, by paying but fees,  
Yet some lose tails, some are for aught bare,  
VVhilst Constables and Common-shares, nor H

